*backward when thou commest to age, wilt thou not* Jule? *it stinted and said I.*

*Juli.* And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. *Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.*

*Old La.* Mary that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of: tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

*Juli.* It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre! were not I onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt thy wisdome from thy teat.*

*Old La.* Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon these yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his love.

Nurse. *A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.*

*Old La. Verona's* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower:*

*Old La.* What say you? can you love the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every severall lineament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold claspes lockes in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,

By



By having him, making your selfe no lesse.

*Nurse.* No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

*Old La.* Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

*Juli.* I'le looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it flye. *Enter ser*

*Serving.* Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up
calld, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pa
and every thing in extremity: I must hence to wait, I be
you follow strait.

*Mo.* We follow thee: *Juliet* the Countie stayes.

*Nurse.* Goe girle, seeke happy nights to happy dayes.

*Ex*

*Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or sixe othe*
*Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

*Rom.* What? shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity,
Wee'll have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure us by what they will,
Wee'll measure them a measure and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavie I will beare the light.

*Mer.* Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I believe me, you have dancing shooes
With nimble soles; I have a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavie burthen doe I sinke.

*Mer.* And to sinke in it should you burthen love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.